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CORBEN
MARGOPOULOS

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S
**HAUNT of
HORROR**TM



CORB

**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

WELCOME BACK,
HORROR FOLKS! IF WE
DIDN'T SCARE YOU TO DEATH LAST
TIME, MAYBE THIS ISSUE'S SELECTION
OF PUTRID PICTURES AND PROSE WILL GIVE
YOU A BLEEDING-HEART ATTACK! YES, YOUR
SENTIMENTAL UNCLE DEADGAR HAS
PREPARED TERRIBLE TALES DEVOTED TO
THE MOST REVOLTING OF FOUR-LETTER
WORDS: LOVE. TRY NOT TO PUKE
ON YOUR POLYBAG!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S HAUNT OF HORROR

The Dead Poe Society
PRESENTS:

The Tell-Tale Heart Spirits of the Dead Eulalie & The Lake

BY RICHARD CORBEN
ART, GRAYTONS, COVER ART

RICH MARGOPOULOS
PLOT & SCRIPT
EDGAR ALLAN POE
INSPIRATION

WITH VC'S GENT LETTERS
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Haunt Of Horror: Edgar Allan Poe No. 2, August, 2006. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$5.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$5.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40664537. Printed in Canada. AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP Of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN J. GABRIEL, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

MAY YOU WOULD
SAY THAT OF ME?
IT IS YOU WHO ARE
MAD FOR TORMENTING
ME THUS!

TRUE, I SUFFER FROM A
NERVOUS CONDITION! MY
SENSES ARE UNNATURALLY
HEIGHTENED, ESPECIALLY
MY HEARING!

NO SINGLE SOUND
ANYWHERE ESCAPES
ME! NOT THE PATTERN
OF A MOUSE AT
MIDNIGHT--

--NOR THE RUSTLE
OF AN ANGEL'S
WINGS IN HEAVEN,
OR THE SCREAMS
OF THE DAMNED
IN HELL!

ALL BECAUSE I
AM PRIVY TO THE
RUMINATIONS OF
THE DEVIL IN HIS
DEN. THAT'S NO
REASON TO INFER
MADNESS!

THE TELL- TALE HEART

A TALE OF MISERY, MURDER, MAYHEM
AND MADNESS BROUGHT TO YOU BY
MARGOPOULOS & CORBEN

AS FOR THE OLD MAN,
I LOVED HIM DEARLY! WHEN
MISFORTUNE STRUCK, HE
TOOK ME IN! NO ONE WAS
EVER KINDER!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID
WHAT I DID! IT MIGHT'VE
BEEEN HIS EYE! YES, THAT
WAS IT! THE EYE--!

IT WAS ICE BLUE,
WITH A FILM OVER
IT LIKE A VULTURE!

WHEN HE SPOKE, HE
WOULD FIX IT ON ME!

THE ORB VEXED MY
SOUL! THE OLD MAN
HAD TO KNOW THAT!
YET, STILL HE STARED--!

SUCH AN AFFRONT
COULD NOT GO
UNANSWERED!
HE GAVE ME NO
CHOICE...!

LATE AT NIGHT, I WOULD
STEAL INTO HIS ROOM! IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN A SIMPLE MATTER
TO END HIS LIFE! BUT MY QUARREL
WAS NOT WITH HIM... BUT THE
SAPPHIRE SPHERE SOCKETED
IN HIS SKULL!

FOR A FULL WEEK, I CRIPT
ABOUT THIS! AND FOR A FULL
WEEK, THE OLD MAN SLEPT
UNDISTURBED, HIS EYE
SHUTTERED FROM MY VIEW!

THEN ONE MIDNIGHT,
WHILE STANDING VIGIL
OVER HIS BED, HE AWOKE
WITH A START! HIS HEART
THUDDED SO LOUD, I
COULD HEAR IT THUNDERING
IN HIS CHEST!

LOO- DUB-
LOO- DUB-
LOO- DUB

AS HE GAZED UP IN
THE GLOOM, HE LAID
HIS ACCURSED EYE
UPON ME... GOADING
ME INTO ACTION! I
GRABBED A PILLOW
OUT FROM UNDER
HIS HEAD--

--AND WITH ALL MY
STRENGTH, HELD IT
TIGHT AGAINST HIS
FACE! HIS RESENTLESS
HEARTBEAT GREW
LOUDER AND FASTER,
SUMMONING THE
REAPER!

LOO DUB!
LOO DUB!
LOO DUB!
LOO DUB!

EVENTUALLY, AS THE
DRUMMING SLOWLY
DIMINISHED, GO TOO
DID THE OLD MAN'S
LIFE! THE SINGULAR
LIGHT OF THE
CYCLOPSAN EYE
WAS FOREVER
EXTINGUISHED!

LOO DUB ... LOO DUB ... LOO DUB ...

MOVING RAPIDLY
AND RATIONALLY,
I DISPATCHED THE
BODY/I PLACED
THE BLOBBY GENT
WITHIN A LARGE
METAL TUB...

WACK! SLACK!
...AND PROCEEDED
TO HACK HIM INTO
PIECES WITH A
HATCHET! THE
FOUR LIMBS, HEAD
AND TORSO, THEY
CAME APART WITH
SURPRISING EASE!

CUNNINGLY AND
CRAFTILY, I TOOK
UP THREE PLANKS
OF THE FLOORING!
IT WAS THERE I HID
THE REMAINS!

ARTFULLY AND WITH
APLOMB, I REPLACED
THE BOARDS! NO EYE
COULD DISCERN THEY
HAD BEEN TAMPERED
WITH, NOT EVEN THE
ERSTWHILE OLD MAN'S!

IN THE YARD, I
RINSED THE TUB
WITH RAINWATER
FROM A BARREL!
THERE WAS NO
TRACE!

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO
TOAST THE PERFECT
CRIME, WHEN THERE
CAME A RAPPING
KNOCK AT THE DOOR!

WHAT HAD
I TO FEAR?
NOTHING! NO
MADMAN, I.

SMOK!
SMOK!
SMOK!

THE DRUMMING, BY
GRADUAL GRADATIONS,
GREW LOUDER AND
MORE INCESSANT!

LUB-DUB!
LUB-DUB!
LUB-DUB!

IT WAS THE
OLD MAN!
IT HAD TO BE!
NONE BUT HE!

HE WAS GIVING
THE POLICE A SIGN,
A SPECTRAL SIGNAL...
AVENGING HIMSELF
FROM BEYOND
THE GRAVE!

LUB-DUB LUB-DUB LUB-DUB

THE TEMPO OF THE
POUNDING FILLED
MY EARS! TRY AS
I MIGHT, I COULD
NOT SHUT IT OUT!

THE RELENTLESS
HAMMERING HEMMED
ME IN ON ALL SIDES,
THREATENED TO BATTER
AWAY WITH INCREASINGLY
SUFFOCATING FURIES,
THE FOUNDATIONS
OF MY SANITY!

LUB-DUB LUB-DUB LUB-DUB

UNABLE TO FURTHER
ENDURE THE BOOMING
AGONY, I TORE AWAY
THE PLANKING ON
THE FLOOR!

I REACHED DOWN INTO
THE INNARDS OF THE
HOUSE...UNTIL MY
FINGERS CLOSED ON
WHAT THEY SOUGHT!

LUB-DUB LUB-DUB LUB-DUB

THE OLD
MAN'S HEART!
I PRODUCED
IT WITH A
TRIUMPHAL
SHOUT!

LUBDUB!
LUBDUB!

LUBDUB!

BUT THE INSERT
MUSCLE IN MY
HAND PALPITATED
NOT! I STARED
AT IT, BOTH PUZZLED
AND PERPLEXED!

WITHOUT WARNING,
A SHARP PAIN
STABBED THROUGH
ME, DRIVING THE
BREATH FROM MY
LUNGS! IT WAS NOT
THE ELDERLY VICTIM'S
HEART THAT MY
HEIGHTENED HEARING
HAD HEARD--

--BUT MY
VERY OWN!

FEAR OF THE AZURE
EYE, EXERTIONS OF
THE MURDER, ARRIVAL
OF THE POLICE... EACH
HAD TAKEN THEIR TOLL
ON MY NERVOUS
CONDITION!

LUBDUB LUBDUB LUBDUB

AND THEN...
AND THEN...
THE THUNDERING
THUDING SOUND
SUDDENLY STOPPED.

AS THE HEART
WITHIN MY CHEST
BURST!

LUBDUB LUBDUB LUBDUB...

The Tell-Tale Heart

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he has passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity.

I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to *feel*—although he neither saw nor heard—to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart,—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

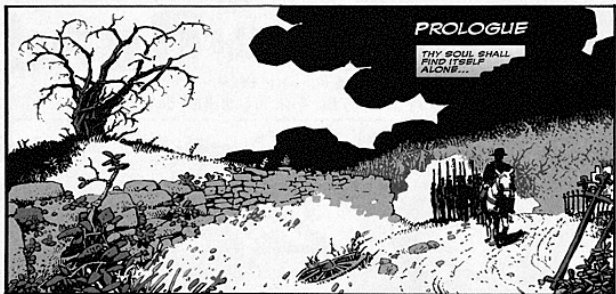
I smiled,—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they *knew!*—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But any thing was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!*—

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

— Edgar Allan Poe



PROLOGUE

THY SOUL SHALL
FIND ITSELF
ALONE...



MID DARK
THOUGHTS
OF THE GREY
TOMBSTONE...



NOT ONE, OF ALL
THE CROWD, TO PRY...



INTO THINE
HOUR OF
SECRECY!

CRACK!
KRAKK!
KA-KRACK!
VIP VIP!

TABRAKK!
FWACK!
CHAPTOW!

Edgar Allan Poe's Spirits of the Dead

Inspiration By: Uncle Edgar

Resurrection Services By: Rick Dahl & Rich Corben



BE SILENT
IN THAT
SOLITUDE...



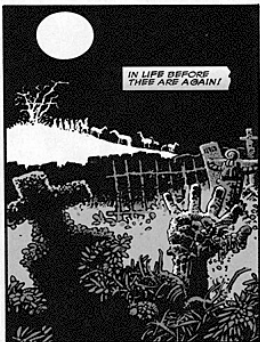
THE SPIRITS OF
THE DEAD WHO
STOOD...



WHICH IS NOT
LONELINESS,
FOR THEN...



IN LIFE BEFORE
THEY ARE AGAIN!

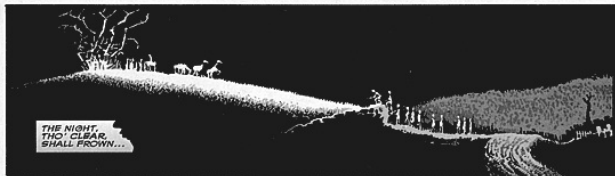


IN DEATH AROUND THEM,
AND THEIR WILL ...



--SHALL OVERSHADOW
THEY: BE STILL!





THE NIGHT,
THO' CLEAR,
SHALL FROWN...



AND THE STARS
SHALL NOT
LOOK DOWN...



FROM THEIR
HIGH THRONES
IN THE HEAVEN...



WITH LIGHT
LIKE HOPE
TO MORTALS
GIVEN:



BUT THEIR
RED ORBS,
WITHOUT
BEAM...



TO THY
WEARINESS
SHALL SEEM...



...AS A
BURNING
AND
FEVER...



...WHICH WOULD
CLING TO THEE
FOREVER!



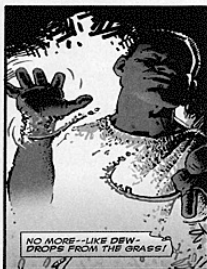
NOW ARE THOUGHTS
THOU SHALT NOT BANISH--



NOW ARE VISIONS
NE'ER TO VANISH:



FROM THY
SPIRIT SHALL
THEY PASS...



NO MORE--LIKE DEW-
DROPS FROM THE GRASS!

THE BREEZE--
THE BREATH OF
GOD--IS STILL...

AND THE MIST
UPON THE HILL...

SHADOWY--
SHADOWY--
YET UNBROKEN.

IS A SYMBOL
AND A TOKEN--

HOW IT HANGS
UPON THE TREES ...

A MYSTERY OF
MYSTERIES!



Spirits of the Dead

Thy soul shall find itself alone
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tombstone—
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy.

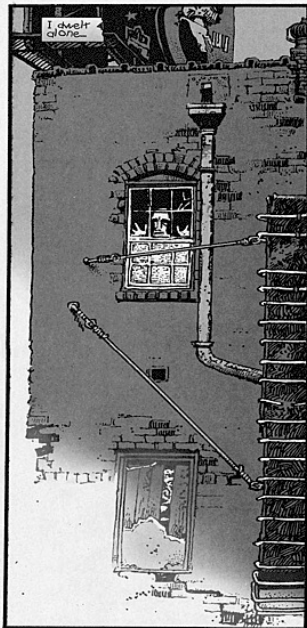
Be silent in that solitude
Which is not loneliness, for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee, and their will
Shall overshadow thee: be still.

The night, tho' clear, shall frown,
And the stars shall not look down
From their high thrones in the Heaven
With light like Hope to mortals given;
But their red orbs, without beam,
To thy weariness shall seem

As a burning and a fever
Which would cling to thee forever.
Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish—
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;
From thy spirit shall they pass
No more—like dew-drops from the grass.

The breeze—the breath of God—is still,
And the mist upon the hill
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,
Is a symbol and a token,—
How it hangs upon the trees,
A mystery of mysteries!

— *Edgar Allan Poe*

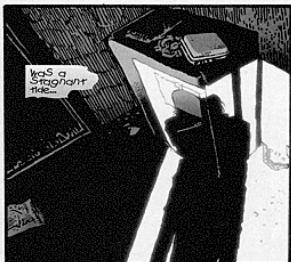


EULALIE

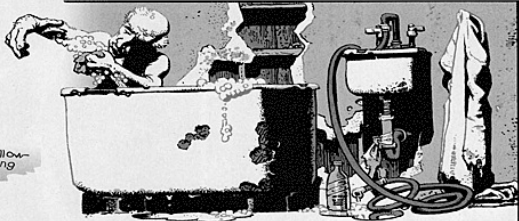
Transcribed By:
Richard Dahl

Visually Executed By:
Rich Corben

Note: This Ain't Exactly your Daddy Edgar Allan Poe—!



Till the yellow-
haired young
Euklie...



...become
my blushing
bride.



Ah, less...



...less
bright.



The Store
of the
Night.



Then the
eyes of
the radiant
girl!



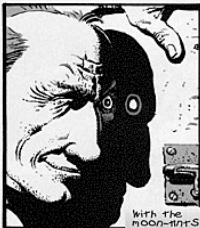
And never
a flake?



That the
vapor can
make?



NOK!
KNOCK
NOK!!



With the
moon-tints
of purple
and pearl.



Can vie with
the modeSr
Eulalie?





A storm
within
the sky.

THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!



While ever
to her dear
Eulalie?

CRASH!

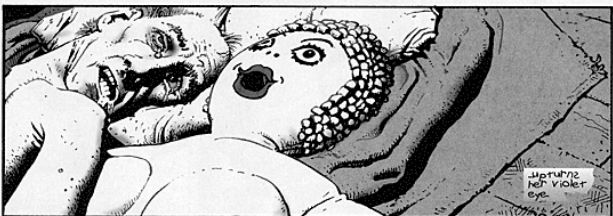


Upturns her
marion eye



While ever
to her young
Eulalie?

KATTHUMP!



Upturns her
violet
eye



Eulalie

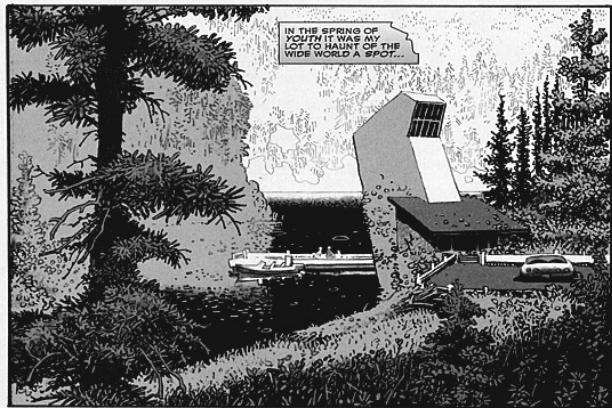
I dwelt alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

Ah, less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless
curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astarté within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

— *Edgar Allan Poe*

IN THE SPRING OF
YOUTH IT WAS MY
LOT TO HAUNT OF THE
WIDE WORLD A SPOT...



THE LAKE

IDEAS PROVIDED BY
EDGAR ALLAN POE

INCREDENTLY PASTED BY
RICH MARGOPOULOS

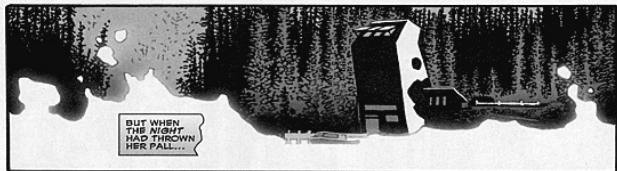
DRAWN IN BLEND BY
RICH CORBEN

THE WHICH I COULD
NOT LOVE THE LESS--
SO LOVELY WAS
THE LONELINESS...



OF A WILD LAKE, WITH
BLACK ROCK BOUND,
AND THE TALL PINES
THAT TOWERED AROUND!





BUT WHEN
THE NIGHT
HAD THROWN
HER PALL....



UPON THAT
SPOT, AS
UPON ALL....



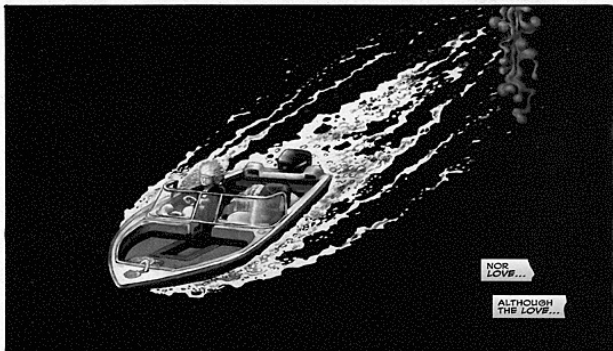
AND THE
MYSTIC WIND
WENT BY...

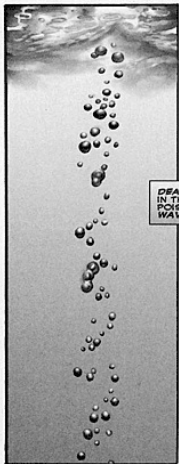


MURMURING
IN MELODY--





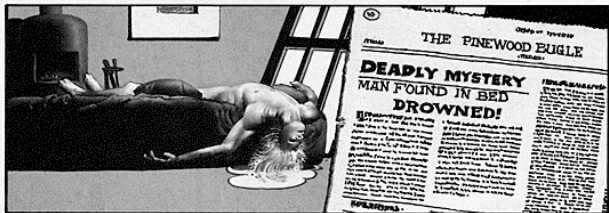
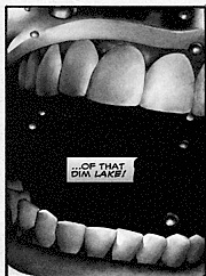




DEATH WAS
IN THAT
POISONOUS
WAVE...



AND IN ITS
GULF A FITTING
GRAVE...



The Lake - to -

In spring of youth it was my lot
To haunt of the wide world a spot
The which I could not love the less—
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that towered around.

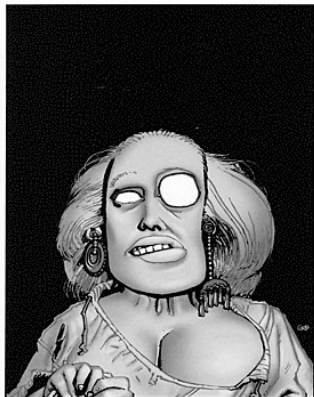
But when the Night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the mystic wind went by
Murmuring in melody—
Then—ah! then I would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight—
A feeling not the jeweled mine
Could teach or bribe me to define—
Nor Love—although the Love were thine.

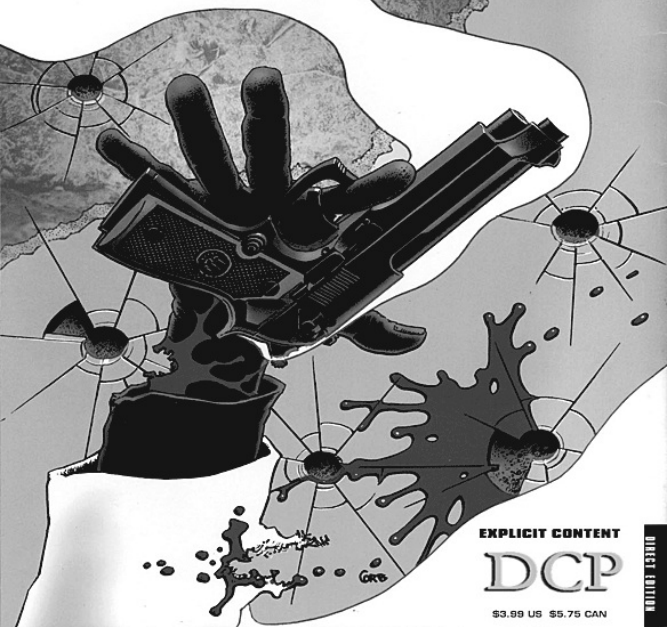
Death was in that poisonous wave,
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining—
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.

— *Edgar Allan Poe*

HAUNT OF HORROR #2 COVER SKETCHES by Richard Corben



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&
BERENICE



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